THE FIGHT AT SUMTER.

I.

'Twas a wonderful brave fight!—
Through the day and all night,
March! Halt! Left! Right!
So they formed:—
And one thousand to ten,
The bold Palmetto men,
Sumter stormed.

II.

The smoke in a cloud
Closed her in like a shroud,
While the cannon roared aloud
From the Port;
And the red cannon balls
Ploughed the gray granite walls
Of the Fort.

III.

Sumter's gunners at their places,
With their gunpowdered faces,
Shook their shoulders from their braces,
And stripped
Stark and white to the waist;
Just to give the foe a taste,
And be whipped.

IV.

In the town—through every street,
Tramp, tramp, went the feet,
For they said the Federal fleet
Hove in sight;
And down the wharves they ran,
Every woman, child and man,
To the fight.

V.

On the fort the old flag waved
And the barking batteries braved,—
While the bold seven thousand raved
As they fought,
For each blinding sheet of flame
From her cannon, thundered Shame!—
So they thought.

VI.

And strange enough to tell,
Though the gunners fired well,
And the balls ploughed red as Hell,
Through the dirt;
Though the shells burst and scattered,
And the fortress walls were shattered—
None were hurt.

VII.

But the fort—so hot she grew
As the cannon-balls flew,
That each man began to stew,
At his gun;
They were not afraid to die,
But this making Patriot pie,
Was not fun.

VIII.

So to make the story short,
The traitors got the fort
After thirty hours sport
With the balls;
But the victory is not theirs
Though their brazen banner flares
From the walls.

IX.

It were better they should dare
The lion in his lair,
Or defy the grizzly bear
In his den,
Than to wake the fearful cry
That is rising up on high
From our men.

X.

To our banner we are clinging,
And a song we are singing
Whose chorus is ringing
From each mouth;
'Tis "the old Constitution
And a stern retribution
To the South."

WORDS OF THE DAY.

"Wish we were well out of it!"

Now don't, my good fellow, wish any thing of the kind. Rather wish that you were well *into* it, a brave man, with a good gun, doing what in inspired and better moments you have often wished for—fighting the battles of your country. It must have come sooner or later, so hurrah for it! You couldn't be better employed in any way.

"We have fallen on dismal times."

Stuff—we've fallen on nothing of the kind. Do you want to pass a life of buying and selling, of petty cold watering every generous motive, every noble impulse, belittling every thing as you grow older, losing your soul year after year in trash and trifles. Pshaw!—these be brave times—glorious times—times to belt and buckle and go forth strong of heart.

"Our business is like men to fight,
Or hero-like to die."

"Well—I don't know about it."

If you don't, my precious dough-face, there be those who will know for you, Mighty Sudden. This is no time for Do Nothings and Milk Sops to be idling about in the way, drawling out their idiotic doubts, hanging fire, and slackening the courage of true-hearted Men. Shoo!—out of the way, or the very girls will hiss you.

"Isn't there to be any liberty of opinion left?"

If we left you no more than your beauties of Secession friends have left us in their land you might well say so. But the fact is that when a street is on fire, houses all red-blazing, buckets passing, engines playing, the man who sticks himself right in the road to button-hole folks and argue with them on the expediency of quenching flames, is apt to get kicked out of the way. Be wise in time. There's a storm rising and the devil loose, and idle words of fault-finding uttered Now, may come back roaring dragons of Treason and Toryism in a few weeks.

"These are ominous times!"

Neither ominous nor omnibus, master Noodle. True they are active, earnest, serious times—times of tremendous force—times not to be dodged in any earthly way. But not Ominous save for the Coward, the Driveller, and the Traitor Walk up to the lion—lay your hand on his mane—be brave and he will not harm you. Nay, they are grand times, glorious times—and thousands who read what is here written will soon cast their whole souls into their charms as into wine celestial. "But where will they be ere it is all over?" Where?

Why some calm and quiet, under green grass, sleeping the loving, sweet sleep of the Saint and of the Hero—the dear martyrs of holy truth. Some with honorable scars, some glorious and great—all testifying either from the Silent Land beyond, through the echoing halls of memory, or from every place of honor in this country, how great and good it is to live and die for Freedom.

The "Fortunes" of War.

X. thinks the military men are sharp, commercially speaking. He hears of nothing now but High Commissions, Close Operations, and men and supplies Thrown In!

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY—ILLUSTRATED.

AND THEY GAT POWER AND GREW SUDDENLY, AND LO! THEY WERE PUFFED UP.

THE NIGHT PASSED, THE DAY CAME, AND BEHOLD THEY WERE NOT.

THE CASE OF "JASPER."

In Wednesday's *Times* newspaper we read a very thrilling description of the flight from Charleston (induced by peaceable coërcion) of "JASPER," the late Charleston correspondent of that journal. As the description was written by "JASPER" himself, it must, consequently, be true. But "JASPER'S" excessive modesty (a failing which is fast crushing metropolitan journalists) prevents his doing himself justice. He managed his escape adroitly, as he delicately intimates, and, as the following dialogue shows. (The reader must understand that "JASPER" was arrested in Charleston as a Federal spy; that he was carried off to a dungeon; that he staid there all night, while ruffians outside talked about hanging him, cutting out his heart and liver and drawing and quartering him, and indulged in other conversation of a like cheering character; that in the morning he was let go; that he started Northward, but that telegrams were sent to various points along the route, requesting Vigilance Committees to look out for him. The design of the Charlestonians, as we infer from "JASPER'S" statement, was to have him executed at each station on the route, that being their idea of a large thing on a Northerner.) Here is the extract:

STRANGER—Are you the *Times* correspondent?

JASPER—No, Sir. My impression is that he is still in jail; in fact Gov. PICKENS told me so just before I left the city.

S.—Ah, you know Gov. PICKENS?

J.—Oh yes, very well.

S.—I beg your pardon, Sir. I evidently have made a great mistake. But don't you think he is aboard?

J.—I do not. (*Exit* Mr. Nonplussed.)

That was neat. But "JASPER" omits other and far more thrilling scenes. At Whiskey Four Corners, where the secession feeling is intense, the following occurred:

STRANGER—Are you the *Times* correspondent?

JASPER—No Sir. Not by no means. I'm GREELEY!

STRANGER.—Not HORACE GREELEY, of the *Tribune*?

JASPER.—Well, I am, hoss.

STRANGER—I'm glad to see you, Sir. Excuse the mistake. Can't you stop and take tea with us? Oh do!

It was a lucky thought of JASPER'S—the GREELEY dodge.

At the Devil's Own Hole, a thrifty but strongly disunion town, "JASPER" foiled an infuriated mob by telling them that he was assistant editor of the *Liberator*, and had slept with WENDELL PHILLIPS. At another station he baffled a similar crowd by stating that he wrote the humorous articles for the New-York comic monthlies and wanting to know why he was like a meeting-house? Mob ran howling away. At other points he represented himself variously as BUCHANAN, BEECHER, PERSONNE, PIUS IX, MACE SLOPER, LUCY STONE, MACARONI, KOSSUTH, MRS. STOWE, ARTEMUS WARD, the Star Spangled Banner, a two-horse Columbiad, ELSIE VENNER, etc. Altogether, "JASPER'S" escape from South Carolina was a neat thing.

A REGULAR SON-OF-A-GUN.

Among other raving and incomprehensible nonsense published in the doughface daily papers, anent that stupendous southern expenditure of gas and gunpowder, the Battle of Charleston Harbor, there appeared a statement that Ex-Senator CHESNUT fired a single gun "for amusement"(!) from Mount Pleasant, and knocked away a large fragment from the battlements of Fort Sumter.

Facetious CHESTNUT! . .

Terrible Gun! . .

And above all, obliging battlement!

Mount Pleasant, be it known, is two and three quarters, or three miles distant from Sumter . . . about the maximum distance that the Columbiads of large calibre can throw a ball. At that range, one may hit a man or miss a seventy-four gunship with equal facility . . . that is, a practised artillerist may.

But the stalwart and mirthful CHESTNUT is not a practised artillerist. He is a private gentleman, merely seeking his "amusement," so he may be expected to shoot with greater precision than any professional gunner. When CHESTNUT says "go!" the ball must obey. CHESTNUT seeks the grateful shades of Mount Pleasant, conquering and to conquer. CHESTNUT applies the match like an army with banners; and lo! battlements crumble before his unerring aim. Glory to CHESTNUT!

If CHESTNUT had made one of his rabid fire-eating speeches before Fort Sumter, it had been no wonder if not only the battlements had toppled over, but the entire fort had crumbled to powder. Doubtless, a ten-inch Columbiad ball is very heavy. Too heavy, we should say, to be dropped upon one's pet corn with comfort. But there are heavier things. There are CHESTNUT'S speeches.

We beg . . . we implore CHESTNUT not to come North, in case

"The blood-red blossom of war, with a heart of fire."

should spread its somewhat sulphurous perfume in this direction. Spare us, O CHESTNUT! Point not the murderous columbiad toward us. Like Captain SCOTT'S coon, we will come down if you only won't shoot. You who seek the bubble "amusement," even in the cannon's mouth, can afford to let us up easy. "A merciful man is merciful to his beast," and why should not a merciful beast return the compliment?

But if you should prove deaf to our prayers and entreaties, O CHESTNUT; if, having tasted the joys of amateur gunnery, you should wish to repeat your battlementary experiments upon the chimney-pots that rear their protecting heads above our cheerful and virtuous hearth-stones; if, in short, you *should* come North, why you will find in the pleasant and aspiring pursuit of hemp-stretching, that eminence and publicity for which your career has so perfectly fitted you. CHESTNUT, take our blessing, and stay on your farm!

The Seventh.

Hurrah for the SEVENTH—God bless them and give them all that glory which their bravery will be sure to win. They have gone—gone to fight for the holiest of causes, as gallant gentlemen and true hearts can. We saw them

Marching along, thousand fold strong,

full of hope, going on one of the grandest missions ever soldier knew.

VANITY FAIR has three contributors in the SEVENTH, three as good fellows and *bons compagnons* as ever cracked a jest. We can ill spare their merriment, but we can well spare any man to do his duty to our country.

Gentlemen of the SEVENTH—much is expected of you, and you will do much. You are New-York's pet and favorite—enough said. You will take a place in history.

How Fort Sumter is regarded by the South.

Beauregard-ed.

HOW IT WILL BE RE-GUARDED BY THE NORTH.

With seventy-five thousand men.

Reason for an Extra Session of Congress.

Confederate State Treason.

Musical Plagiarism.

By our Beginner in French.

Though Halevy may have written *La Juive*, everybody that has seen the opera knows that the last scene is Boiled Jews. (*La Dame Blanche* is also one of the same Boildieu's.)

The Chivalric Code.

First debase your people, and then debase your coin. A brilliant idea worthily conceived and carried out by Mississippi repudiatory of honest debt.

Secession Catechism.

Ques. What has Floyd done for the South?
Ans. Done "good by stealth."
Ques. What ought he to do?
Ans. "Blush to find it fame."

Musical.

We understand that one hundred clerks in Southern Dry Goods houses in this city, have offered their services to the Southern Confederacy as Drummers.

Sentiment by an N. G.

"Let the Carolinians stick to their Palmetto; but one of these days the Seventh may go down there and carry off the Palm!"
(Immense Cheering.)

By our Cassimere Contributor.

"A cloud of thick coming Fancies oppress me."

Privateering.

The ring that will have a speedy end.

A NEW ADAPTATION.

Sharp Boy Communicative.—"Say, old woman, one swaller don't make it summer, eh! does it?"

Unappreciative Old Woman.—"One swaller is it ye'r sayin—sure an it's as much as ye'd get at Taylor's for a shillin, and it's meself has been there to see that same."

BARNEY.

The most thoroughly unhappy man on the Island of Manhattan is Barney. It was not always thus. Time was when Barney had peace of mind and domestic bliss; when he could perambulate Broadway with an erect head and elastic step; when his not unhandsome face wore a cheerful smile, and contentment sat upon his brow. Although a lawyer, Barney was a pretty honest sort of a fellow. But in an evil moment Barney went and accepted the office of Collector of Customs for the Port of New York, and no more can he roll the cud of contentment under his tongue nor moisten his diaphragm with the cocktail of peace. He can't live anywhere. He can only stay around loose, closely disguised. He has taken down his door-plate and moved from where he lives now. The shingle, which a few moons since adorned his office-door, has vanished—gone, no one knows whither.

We are warranted in stating that the sorrows of Barney utterly Knock those of Werter, in point of agony, poignancy and all those things.

Barney has not been within two miles of the Custom House for a week. He Dare not go. Although desperately miserable, Barney still places a slight value upon his life, setting the question of clothes entirely aside.

Meanwhile, the Custom House is densely packed with hungry applicants for inspectorships, clerkships, etc., etc., etc. Every man who carried a tin lamp around in the late Presidential campaign; every man who has split rails; every man who knows Barney, or has seen Barney, or has read of Barney, or is acquainted with any of Barney's relations, or who knows anybody possessing the unhappy name of Barney, wants to get into the Custom House. It is currently reported that a man who once escorted Barney's aunt in the country home from a paring bee, is an applicant for a first-class position, but it is proper to add that we entertain doubts about this. The man, however, who once drove sheep with Barney's grandfather is an applicant for an inspectorship and will probably get it. The chances of the man who speared suckers with Barney, in childhood's sunny hours, are not quite so flattering. But we understand that the man who killed hogs with a neighbor of an intimate friend of one of Barney's uncles, will probably be the recipient of something big. The prospects of the man who used to be one of Barney's warmest friends, borrowing money of him freely, are not, it is proper to say, very brilliant.

The petitions that are daily filed by applicants are appalling to even think of. The Custom House cannot, of course, hold them, and they are carted off to different parts of the city. The Commission houses along our docks are not doing much just now, and the immense bins which were formerly filled with grain are now filled with petitions for positions in the Custom House, Barney having leased them for that purpose. But they are inadequate, and Barney is compelled to have the documents carted to wherever store-room can be obtained.

Unhappy Barney! We weep. We mingle our sobs with thine. But then why didst thou go and do it?

A Game of Bluff, is it?

So the call by the President, oh, veracious Southern correspondent, is thought to be a bluff, is it? Ha! Ha! Have you heard the blast of the Northern bugle yet, or do you still hear only the slogan of the *Herald*? Are you prepared now to learn that forbearance is not cowardice? The people are up! the great pulse of the North throbs with noble anger, and half a million voices answer back in a trumpet shout to the call of the Union leader. In the vocabulary of the "game of Brag," a game of cards well-known to the South, do they not know the "bullet" always outranks the "bragger."

Present and Future.

The cry of the South, just now:—"Secession!"
The cry of the South after Uncle Sam shall have castigated it a little:—"Cessation!"

THE BATTLE OF MORRIS ISLAND,

A Cheerful Tragedy.

(AIR :—"*King of the Cannibal Islands.*")

I.

The morn was cloudy and dark and gray,
When the first Columbiad blazed away,
Showing that there was the d—l to pay
With the braves on Morris' Island;
They fired their cannon again and again,
Hoping that Major ANDERSON's men
Would answer back, but 'twas all in vain
At first, on Morris' Island:
Hokee pokee, wink ee wum,
Shattering shot and thundering bomb,
Fiddle and fife and rattling drum,
At the Battle of Morris' Island!

II.

At length, as rose the morning sun,
Fort Sumter fired a single gun
Which made the chivalry want to run,
Away from Morris' Island;
But they had made so much of a boast
Of their fancy batteries on the coast,
That each felt bound to stick to his post
Down there on Morris' Island.
Hokee pokee, winkee wum, etc.

III.

Then there was firing in hot haste;
The chivalry stripped them to the waist,
And, brave as lions, they sternly faced
—Their grog, on Morris' Island!
The spirit of Seventy-Six raged high,
The cannons roared and the men grew dry—
'Twas marvellous like the Fourth of July
That fight on Morris' Island!
Hokee pokee, winkee wum, etc.

IV.

All day they fought, till the night came down;
It rained; the fellows were tired and blown,
And they wished they were safely back to town,
Away from Morris' Island.
One can't expect the bravest men
To shoot their cannons off in the rain,
So all grew peaceful and still again,
At the works on Morris' Island.
Hokee pokee, winkee wum, etc.

V.

But after the heroes all had slept,
To his gun each warrior swiftly leaped,
Brisk as the numerous fleas that crept
In the sand on Morris' Island;
And all that day they fired their shot,
Heated in furnaces, piping hot,
Hoping to send Fort Sumter to pot
And glory to Morris' Island.
Hokee pokee, winkee wum, etc.

VI.

Finally, wearying of the joke,
Starved with hunger and blind with smoke
From blazing barracks of pine and oak
Set fire from Morris' Island,
The gallant ANDERSON struck his flag
And packed his things in a carpet-bag,
While cheers from bobtail, rag, and tag,
Arose on Morris' Island.
Hokee pokee, winkee wum, etc.

VII.

Then came the comforting piece of fun
Of counting the noses one by one,
To see if anything had been done
On glorious Morris' Island:
"Nobody hurt!" the cry arose;
There was not missing a single nose,
And this was the sadly ludicrous close
Of the battle of Morris' Island!
Hokee pokee, winkee wum, etc.

VIII.

But, gentle gunners, just wait and see
What sort of a battle there yet will be;
You'll hardly escape so easily,
Next time, on Morris' Island!
There's a man in Washington with a will,
Who won't mind shooting a little "to kill,"
If it proves that We Have a Government Still,
Even on Morris' Island!
Hokee pokee, winkee wum,
Shattering shot and thundering bomb,
Look out for the battle that's yet to come
Down there on Morris' Island!

ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

A few days before the battle of Charleston Harbor, Major ANDERSON found two gunners talking very earnestly in an embrasure, and questioned them as to their discussion.

"The Floating Battery, sir, was the subject of our dispute," said one of the men.

"Well," replied Major A., smiling pleasantly, "I think you ought to Sink that Subject!"

This *mot* had quite a success among the soldiers in the fort.

* * *

— It is well known that the Charleston correspondent of the *Tribune* has a deadly aversion to spiders. (The charming naïveté and confidence of this person have made all familiar with the smallest detail of his life and character, through his letters.)

It is said that as he was standing on the Battery, at Charleston, watching the bombardment of the 13th inst., he saw a large black spider running up the wall, inside of one of the embrasures, which gave him such a feeling of disgust and nausea that he was compelled to retire from the scene.

* * *

While Sumter and the harbor batteries were exchanging iron compliments, the officers of the fleet outside the bar were looking on with great interest and powerful glasses.

"The rebels have an awful advantage," said Commander P* * * * * *, "they are twenty to one."

"Yes," replied Captain F* * * * *, but you know, the race is not always to the strong."

"No," said Commander P* * * * *, quickly, correcting this misquotation with his usual admirable readiness; "no, nor the Battle to the Fleet, it seems; eh, Captain?"

LATEST FROM THE WIND-MILL.

The long-expected flip-flap of the venerable turn-coat of the *Herald* has come at last. On the 15th of April a small dose of popular demonstration and a few hints from the indignant multitude compelled the Scotch gentleman to very unwillingly hang out an American flag in sign of capitulation and defeat. Next morning came, of course, the editorials praising the present Administration, with the nauseous and ancient twaddle of what "we predicted," and what "we" advised Mr. BUCHANAN, with assertions that the latter should have done five months ago what Mr. LINCOLN is doing now. *Hum—hum—tootle to.* The old barrel-organ playing the old Rogue's March. As We predicted it would!

However, now that BENNETT has been well kicked into the traces, let him see that he makes himself useful. We are not aware at present of any dirty work to be done in the Old Union cause, but the instinct of the *Herald* will be sure to nose such out if it exist: in addition to which use the public may expect as of old any amount of double lead, highly sensational ingenuity. *Tra la la, tara la!* "Tremendous Excitement!! Great Imbroglio!!! Old ABE Triumphant!!!" Won't the display type of the *Herald* have to suffer during the coming war? Only let our precious contemporary draw it mild at first and not be too fulsome in slabbering "OLD ABE" and the North with praise. Its abuse of them is as yet too fresh in the minds and memories of the people.

By-and-By.

The Mobile *Register* suggests that if LINCOLN wished to show his pluck, he should have arrested the Southern commissioners while they were in Washington.

Don't be in a hurry, Master FORSYTH. The President will Arrest the whole lot of you in your treasonable courses ere he have done. *None dum*—which means that he's not so Dumb as you deem.

BALTIMORE.

HAVEN'T we heard almost enough about the "loyalty" of Baltimore?

If its loyalty consists in showering cobble stones and iron missiles upon inoffensive soldiers, passing through its streets with a white flag fluttering serenely over them, on their way to defend the National Capitol from the threatened invasion of as precious a band of robbers as ever swung at Tyburn Tree—if this be Baltimore's loyalty, then we have had quite enough of it.

Even those festive aboriginal persons, the Comanches of Arizona, who are extravagantly fond of burying their tomahawks in the skulls of white people, have been known to respect the White Flag.

If Baltimore is insane enough to spurn our White Flag we may be rash enough to disregard her White Feather, which symbol of excessive fatigue she must sooner or later exhibit—possibly sooner.

Baltimore has been unpleasantly "lively" on several previous occasions. It has ever abounded in people of an uproarious and smashing turn of mind. The Bully Boy with a Glass Eye lives in Baltimore.

In 1857 Mr. J. BUCHANAN, the well known friend of virtue and rye whiskey, narrowly escaped having his venerable head caved in by the roughs of Baltimore, while going through that city on his way to assume the duties of the Presidency at Washington—which was particularly uncourteous, as he had done nothing *then* to deserve it.

A short time since our friend ABE was compelled to rush through Baltimore disguised as an elongated Highlander. If he hadn't adopted this adroit piece of dramatic strategy (which we believe was suggested by the beloved though absent "JUDD") we are pretty sure he would have been stoned in the streets of Baltimore. We didn't believe it then. We laughed at ABE. We constructed a joke about his flight; the joke was first-rate, like all of ours, but ABE was right in his head after all.

And Baltimore talks about its loyalty.

Its Mayor, who rejoices in the odd but expressive name of BROWN, says no more United States troops must pass through that city. Gov. HICKS says so too. If they do go through, attempts will be made to cut them up.

Still Baltimore is loyal.

The newspapers coolly inform us that "the centrifugal gun" is now in first-rate working order. It is a gun which goes by steam, shooting two hundred large balls a minute—which is a cheerful style of Minute Gun, we should say. This gun now commands the principal street, and will be instantly set to work the moment Northern troops appear, signal bells being rung for citizens to get out of the way. We actually read this kind of stuff in the Baltimore papers.

Still, Baltimore is loyal.

Baltimore, don't make a disagreeable ass of yourself. You have nothing in common with the Gulf Pirates. Your interests are all in and with the Union. Why go to the Bad simply to oblige the dastards and roughs, who, not content with cursing you so long, now want to damn you forevermore!

Baltimore, if you murder any more of our Union men there will be none but cripples and blindmen left to take care of the women and children of New-York. We shall go over and attend to your case.

Baltimore, if your boasted loyalty is not a humbug of elephantine proportions, why dont you hang the villains who are moving earth and hell to plunge you into the black whirlpool of Disunion?

Coming Darkness.

In their time, the border states have been Great Lights; are we to let them all Go Out?

THE RALLY!

I.

Off the bar of Charleston harbor our gallant vessels lay,
The dark northeaster swept its clouds of rain across the bay,
Beneath its gloomy veil a thick blue vapor heavenward curled,
Where the cannon of the batteries their deadly missiles hurled.

II.

And still when slacked the driving rain, and the thick smoke eddied by,
You might see the glorious stars and stripes against the murky sky,
Where, worn with care, and watching through the weary night and day,
Brave ANDERSON, in Sumter, held ten thousand foes at bay.

III.

Full thirty hours he held it against the traitor power,
And but sixty men to back him in that stormy opening hour,
There was Moultrie, iron Cummings, and seven batteries more,
The quick, fierce flashes lit the long low reach of sandy shore.

IV.

Full thirty hours he fought them in sunshine and in cloud,
Then first, before a traitor's flag, our country's banner bowed,
And Treason's Rubicon was passed, the Traitor's challenge given,
So manlike take the proffered gage, and rest your cause with heaven!

V.

Hark! those guns have found an echo on mountain and in glen,
From farthest East to West, and in the hearts of valiant men,
And our Union's flag shall fly again where now it droops in shame,
And a hundred thousand heroes rally round her honored name.

VI.

There's a sound of coming footsteps, a trumpet's signal call,
Above the breaking of the seas along Maine's granite wall,
Wafted with murmur of the pines from far New-Hampshire hills,
And mingling with the music of the clear Green Mountain rills.

VII.

From the valleys of Connecticut the martial call is borne,
And the hills of Massachusetts have passed the signal on,
O'er the iron Adirondacks it echoes low and deep,
From Manhattan's sunny bay to where Ontario's waters sleep.

VIII.

From the Alleghany ridges borne northward by the breeze
That along fair Juniata wakes to life the sleeping trees,
And where the broad Atlantic breaks in showers of glancing spray,
Brave hearts are answering to the call on Narragansett Bay.

IX.

O'er the cornfields of Ohio in the new Spring's genial glow,
In the wash of Erie's waves, in the rivers stately flow,
From Wisconsin's sunny openings, from Indiana's fields,
Sounds the clashing of the weapons which many a warrior wields.

X.

From East to West the land is up to guard her ancient name,
And the Altar of the Commonwealth from foul disgrace and shame,
From the mountain and the valley they come with steady tread
To a victor's garland living or a nation's reverence dead.

XI.

They are coming, they are coming, for the memories of the Past!
For our Flag, against a traitor hand, to strike one blow at last,
For the love of their high duty, they are going to the fight,
God have them in His keeping, and God defend the Right!

It's All The Same.

A writer in *Once a Week* speaks of "Colonel ANDERSON of Port Sumter." Might we inquire about the health of Lieutenant WELLINGTON, who bombarded Warterloo?

The Pink of Valor.

We hear that the Artists' Brigade are procuring their badges. Some are getting the Red White and Blue; some are getting Madder!

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

SUAMPI, April 4th.

DEAR VANITY :—At length it has come. . .
I have been defeated. . .
Yes, defeated. . .
Upon my honor! . .
The goddess of Liberty weeps. . .
Italia mourns. . .
PIUS IX. exults. . .
GARIBALDI swears. . .
. . . And VICTOR EMMANUEL takes his tod moodily, but says nothing.

After the terrible battle recorded in my last letter, when I gained possession of the Pope's palace and conquered the Eternal City, I ordered a general parade and celebration on the part of my army.

Crowds went about the streets, compelling the newspaper offices to hang out the flag of Liberated Italy. Everybody wore rosettes and badges, proclaiming his or her allegiance to me and to VICTOR EMMANUEL. It was a spectacle at once amusing and instructive.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, my forces were in order for a dress parade and review. They set forth, colors beating and drums flying, to march through the city in triumph.

But, amid all the glare and glitter of steel and brass . . . there is plenty of both in my army . . . amid all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, amid the shouts for "Liberty to Italy," and "MCARONE forever!" that arose on every side, I saw the dark cloud of the coming storm, and heard the sullen thunders muttering on the fitful breeze.

I knew there would be a muss.

"Load with ball cartridges," I whispered to my men. Then I redoubled the police-force, and said, with HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, of Fort Sumter: "The die is cast: I have dared it! Put none but Americans on guard to-night."

Ah, what a brilliant spirit is mine! Alas, that modesty . . . my only fault . . . should be ever "hiding my light under a bushel" (I quote from THOMPSON, of Portsmouth, N. H.,) and rendering me the wee little azure-eyed violet of the valley, when I should be the gorgeous and glowing tiger-lily of the Alps!

God defend the Right! . .

And the Writer.

As I was saying I smelt gunpowder in the air, and knew right off that there was going to be a dickens of a row. But, O, dear VANITY, I didn't think that they could catch this weazel asleep. Not any. But, O, dear VANITY, they did.

My valiant Zouaves . . . the bone and sinew of my army . . . were engaged . . . dining out, in fact . . . or the issue had been different. . .

. . . Perhaps.

Knots of sullen-looking men, short of stature, red of shirt, bull-necked, beetle-browed, short-haired, ugly-mugged, were collected around the engine houses and bar-rooms. Bodies of villainous boys; blear-eyed, shambling, knock-kneed, stumpy-fingered, crop-eared, hang-dog fellows, with very tight trousers and very large caps, paraded back and forth before the lines, conversing in low tones. Some influential citizens, hitherto considered respectable, also evinced a dangerous demeanor.

At half-past three, the troops got under way. As they passed up the main street, a sudden volley of paving stones saluted them from the truck-house, followed by a shower of bricks from an unfinished building.

Many more were knocked down and badly wounded, but the ranks were unbroken. The assault continued. It was exactly like Baltimore on election-day, and therefore a sight unworthy of a city of decent cannibals.

I ordered my men to fire upon the crowd. Half-a-dozen of the rioters went down, and I nearly choked myself, laughing.

They returned the fire, with revolvers, muskets, rifles, and a perfect hurricane of brickbats. Our ranks are broken, and we dashed off at quickstep, loading and firing as we went.

I met my lieutenant of light quadroons, galloping furiously along, on foot.

"What manner of men are these?" I asked him.

"They are an inferior sort of assassin, Excellenza," said he; "we call them 'Plugguggli.'"

Thanking him politely for his information, I raised my revolver, and getting three of the scoundrels in range, shot them all with one bullet. At the same moment, an enormous cornice stone thrown from a church-steeple, struck me fairly on top of the head, and crushed me to the ground!

As this stone weighed over three tons, I could not throw it off, so I was compelled to lie there during the rest of the combat.

The loss of their gallant commander infuriated my army, and they cut their way through the city to a railroad dépôt, where all took the cars for agricultural districts.

I alone remained.

o o o o o o o o o o o o

Four days afterward, the place being still in the hands of the vile mob, some workmen were engaged in constructing barricades in the main street. They came to an immense block of stone which they thought serviceable, and turned it over.

Underneath lay a human pancake, not more than two inches thick, and adhering closely to the pavement by atmospheric pressure.

It was me.

I never felt so flat in my life!

They took me up on a shovel, and carried me by my direction to a friend's house. This gentlemen is attached to the Roman Museum. He remembered among other curiosities there preserved, a small rack, formerly used by the Inquisition, and hastened to have it brought to my bedchamber.

By the aid of hot baths and gradual stretchings on this rack, I soon regained my customary proportions, and am now about as fine-looking a man as can be found . . . perhaps the finest-looking man . . . in the world.

But the mob recognized me at once. If I had remained in my flattened state, my friend could easily have carried me out of town unknown to the rebels. I might have been passed off as a patent door-mat, or an india-rubber car spring, and when once in Caprera, restored to my usual perfection in safety.

As it was I came near losing my life. My protector was forced to dress one of his servants in my uniform, and deliver him up to the fury of the mob. I pitied the poor fellow, but then, could he have died in a better cause?

I then had my head shaved, blacked myself all over, and was exhibited in the Museum as a "What-Is-It?" until a good opportunity of escape offered.

It was midnight. The heavens were hung with black. The screeching owl's plaintive monotone was heard in the land. The thunder rumbled on the horizon, and the freshening wind of night foretold a storm. Just as the iron tongue of night had woke the sonorous vibrations of the final stroke of twelve, a factitious "What-is-It?" might have been seen issuing from the back door of the Roman Museum, with a carpet-bag and an umbrella. . .

That was me.

Alone and on foot, with no provisions save some red herrings and an onion; with no arms save my trusty umbrella, but with a stout and noble heart, I set out for the coast, resolved to leave this land of ingrates to its own swift destruction.

After a walk of over four thousand miles, I arrived at this little marshy village on the seabord. Fortunately there is a theatre here, in full blast. An opera-company were singing to crowded houses when I arrived and you may judge of my surprise when I found that the *prima donna* was no other than my little BIANCA, the blonde girl of the mountain!

I immediately joined the troupe as tenor, and have accumulated sufficient money to purchase a yacht, in which BIANCA and myself will shortly embark. We shall proceed first to Sardinia for a cargo of sardines. Thence, I know not where. If my own country needs me, I may find a sphere for my genius with you, and show that I can, if required, be a second WASHINGTON, though the first

MCARONE.

A New Call.

X. is of opinion that a call should be made for a regiment of Cooks, to perform culinary service for our gallant volunteers; for, he says, it is well known that when the soldiers undertake such matters they invariable make a Mess of it!

Signal Bravery.

The Artists of the Studio Building in Tenth street, are forming a military organization. In case of a Brush with the enemy, we may be sure that they will stick to their Colors!

The Mobocracy.

Baltimore has upheld her villainous reputation as the City of Mobs. What can we expect of Plug Uglies except a Plug Muss?

The Zouave Firemen.

"An Army with Spanners."

HURRAH FOR BUTLER!

There are renegades and then again there are respectable and honorable repenitents—and of this latter B. F. BUTLER is at last, unlike WOOD and BENNETT, one of the right men in the right place. It is said of this brave BUTLER, now in command of the Massachusetts Regiment, that when he landed, some of the authorities of Annapolis protested against the passage af Massachusetts troops over Maryland soil, to which he replied:

"Sir, we came here not as citizen of Massachusetts, but as citizens of and soldiers of the United States, with no intention to invade any State, but to protect the capitol of our common country from invasion. We shall give no cause of offence; but there must be no fugitve shots or stray bricks on the way."

That's the talk. We like such Butlers—they are the kind who on the field of battle will be certain to freely Tap the Claret of the Foe.

Much as Usual.

It was believed by some that the "Confederacy" loan would not be taken, but report says it has been. Did anybody ever know anything in the money way that the rebels wouldn't Take?

Appropriate.

This time of war is just the one for raw recruits to go to war in. All Green Things begin to Shoot in Spring!

The Sticking-Point.

The point of the Bayonet.

A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

Lady.—CHARLES FREDERICK, I HAVE BOUGHT YOU A NEW LIVERY THAT WILL BETTER BECOME YOUR MANLY FORM. TAKE IT AND SEE THAT YOU DO HONOR TO THE CLOTH.

THE WOMEN OF OUR UNION.

God bless the women of the Union!

Wherever VANITY FAIR has been, wherever it goes, it sees the ladies toiling night and day in the Good Cause. In Philadelphia they are as busy as bees, cutting and stitching on the ten thousand Government uniforms; in New-York lint-scraping and bandage rolling have taken the place of crochet-work; in good old Boston the grandmothers of '76 live again in the untiring industry of the girls. In every parlor sit the dear souls, wearing their tri-colored badges—keeping time with scissors, needles, and sewing machines to the music of the Union

Don't tell us that the world goes backward in Heroism. For it don't. Haven't we within a day heard mothers bid their sons go to death if it must be, but not to disgrace? Haven't we seen true woman hearts put to the sharpest tests and come out of the trial as nobly as ever saint or heroine of history? Haven't we learned that the American girl is a glorious creature, full of spirit as of tenderness, well fitted to be a brave man's wife—or to cherish honorably his memory in death?

How it fades away now like an empty dream, all that was ever written or said of old, of Woman's frivolity, fashions and fickleness! Where be your gibes now, gentlemen, you who were wont to chatter of the Sex, women this, and woman that. Forgotten all—all lost in true-hearted, brave and beautiful deeds.

There is a wide range of war before us—stirring scenes and tremendous events. Our life is entering on new phases—we are to live in new feelings and those strange or sublime emotions which we have hitherto only known in a reflected form, from history, ballad, fiction, or the stage. In this stupendous drama the Women of the Union will play no ignoble part. Their hands will pack the knapsack, tie on the scarf, their lips will give the parting kiss and whisper the parting blessing—their memory will inspire many a heroic action and cause many a glorious deed.

Women of the Union—yours is no ignoble mission, that of encouraging, aiding and nursing the defenders of liberty. Remember that you have ALL the opportunity before you of doing that which will make all who come after you proud of your name, and of conferring family honor *Keep no brave heart back*, but do yourselves honor by urging all you can onward in the career of glory!

The Magazines.

The last number of *Harper's* (Ferry) *Magazine* is to be credited with several spicy articles. Among these we may mention Lieut. JONES, who blew it up in the teeth of the advancing rebels.

It is said that the *Atlantic*, for the next month or two, is to be encumbered with a series of heavy articles, in the shape of *Letters ef Marque*, from the pen of JEFFERSON DAVIS. They will be very likely to Go Down, although arrangements for cutting them up have been made with a gentleman accustomed to Reviews. These Letters of Marque are also likely to be pitched into extensively by that able-bodied class of readers whose taste for fiction is embodied in the well-known saying "Tell that to the Marines."

We understand that the *Ladies' Magazine* has on hand a great number of articles of a war-like character. "Lint" is the title of one of these: "Bandages" of another. There is also to be a series entitled "Preserves and Pickles." These latter addressed to "the loved ones away," will doubtless be devoured with great avidity.

"'Tis not Alone my Inky Cloak."

The ever gentle AUGUSTUS, journeying through the Republic of Vermont by stage some years since, found himself face to face with an indescribably charming lady, arrayed in deep black.

"You have lost a relation, I fear?" said the sympathetic AUGUSTUS.

"No blood relation," said the lady in black—speaking cheerfully even as she wept—"he was my husband. That's all."

AUGUSTUS mingled his tears with her'n, and everything came out all right.

THE THROWS OF WAR.

A T word—rows—is impro-ly spelt 'Throes' the representa-es of the squea-n ab press. Spell i as we do, va-l at though gen-t reader, and lis-te pray, as we to h upon a few Th ows, that may be ood to remem-be in these times wh n everybody's ba is up, and n body backs do n.

In the first place, sh ld your mind ind ge itself with any scruples about rush ng into a civil war, Throw them away from you; for, if there' anything Civil between us and the Cotton Rebels, we don't exactly see it.

If you are an employer, and your strapping young foreman comes to you and says he is a Zoo-zoo, and must go off, to-morrow, to fight for the old Star-spangled, by the side of his fellow Z-z's, don't you Throw him over. Pay him his wages; Throw in as many dollars extra, for outfit, as you can afford, and hire an older and less athletic man to take his place during his absence.

If two of you young fellows with muscles and things agree to decide by the dice which of you will buckle up the straps and go down to the battle, mind you Throw sixes every time. Then you can both go, and settle the Throws afterwards.

If SLOPKINS comes and tells you that if a sympathizer with the Cotton Rebels hits you a clip on the right ear, you are to stick your hands well down into your trowsers pockets and accommodate him with a loan of your left ear for a duplication of the process, Throw cold water on SLOPKINS.

If SLIPKINS comes and says you must be a fool for taking any side now, and had better wait, like him, to see which side of the bread is likely to be buttered the thickest, Throw dish-water on SLIPKINS.

If SLUMPKINS comes and hints that he has a letter from Montgomery, by which he understands that he, and you too, can have a commission in the Rebel Army, Throw hot water on SLUMPKINS.

If you are a nice young girl—O! what lots of you there are around, to be sure!—Throw your arms around your lover, and kiss him, ere he hurries away to the war. *Voila un petit canard!* there's a little duck!

If you are DODWORTH, Throw your "minstrel boys" into the "imminent and deadly breach" between Right and Wrong; let them have their "wild harps slung behind them," their drums before them, several revolvers and other musical instruments all round them, and then Throw up your baton and "let the kettle to the trumpet speak."

If any disaffected Dog sets up a howl, in your hearing, at the Old flag "Throw physic to him," in the shape of a blue pill from your seven-shooter.

If you are a clergyman, Throw as much powder in with your heavy lead as is consistent with your ideas on the subject of muscle in connection with Christianity.

If you are a patriot, Throw off such linen garments as you can spare, and send them to the Society for supplying the soldiery with lints and bandages, at the depot, No. 744 Broadway.

If you keep a horse, Throw your left leg over him, a knapsack upon your back, a kiss to your sweetheart, a glance at the cheerful fighting sentiments inculcated by VANITY FAIR, and then put the spurs in, and don't Throw a look behind until you have done as a dragoon many brave deeds upon the battle field.

If a man drinks to the Confederate flag in your presence, empty your tumbler, religiously, to the Stars and Stripes, and then Throw it, earnestly, at his head.

If you are called upon to make any remarks about the Southern press and particularly about the Charleston *Courier*, Throw as much contempt into the expression of your features as possible.

Finally, whatever you do, O! boys of the right sort, whoever and wherever you are, keep your heads cool, your hearts firm, and your hands free, in this great Crisis, and don't Throw up your little fingers oftener than is good for your health.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BY OUR BROOKLINEMITE.

Who is H. WARD? Really, my dear friend, you *are* a little behind. Why, H. WARD is one of Brooklyn's exceeding great big things, Indeed he is. He has a church and a half Over There, and all the Great and Good go therein to learn about the weakedness of the Politicians, and the little Narrow Gate. And that's not all neither. H. WARD has a newspaper, a newspaper whose circulation is One Hundred Thousand copies weekly, and he is the Columbiad who is to, and does now, and has for an inconvenient length of time, bombarded the Fort Sumter of Sin and Slavery. Oh yes. And that isn't all neither. For he has a ferm where he cultivates Pigs by scores, and raises Flowers in fields that are mown down by scythes, and other agricultural implements of Husbandrial skill—though whether they, the Flowers, not the Fields, are at once cast into the Oven or no, I cannot say, not knowing the country. And he has also "Kine" and live Muttons, and a Donkey, which he rides, but he does not drink.

Then too, H. WARD is a great and consecutive traveller. He travels two-thirds of the diurnal spaces, and talks the rest of the time. And that aint all neither. Certainly, yes, sir, and he lectures on various topics, to suit his audiences. To the Eastern people, he talks of cod-fish and factory girls, deprecating the interference of our Mother England in the fisheries, and scolding vigorously those Bosses who cruelly grind the poor and pay them only most miserable wages. Yes. And when he gets to New York he pitches into rascals who Wood control the city finances for their own benefit; and denounces those old sly boots who are hypocrits, and who, while making believe to be good, have not Beennett. Oh yes, H. WARD's no fool. So when he gets out West he lets out all his wit and humor, for he loveth the Western people, and he telleth them stories, and leaveth his Notes, and extemporaneously discourseth with the audience which has gathered to listen to his words of coal-burning eloquence, whereupon the audience cheer, and H. WARD laughs! then they shout loud applauses, and finally draw him in a carriage to the Domicile wherein he tarrieth, and there he maketh a candescent speech, and they all laugh and cry together, and H. WARD, being refreshed, turns around, comes to Brooklyn, and preaches next Sunday on the War—go it!

Oh! yes, indeed—H. WARD we love thee—we greet thee with a holy kiss, and we appreciate thee thoroughly. Selah!

HO, MEN OF THE NORTH!

Ho, Men of the North, you have borne full long the insult and the jeer:
Up in your majesty and might, hurl back the taunt of fear:
No compromise with Traitors now but the point of the bayonet:
No cry but God sustain the right till Slavery's sun is set.

At the blast of our leader's bugle horn a million men are up,
And the Southern Gascons yet shall drink full deep of the bloody cup;
For the loyal hearts of the mighty North, the East and the prairie West,
Are swooping to their quarry like the Eagles from their nest.

They said that our blood runs water—they will find Niagara's flood,
That never yet has been stemmed by man, much easier withstood:
That we're wedded to love of trade and worship alone the mighty gold:
They will find our manhood something that cannot be bought or sold.

And the flag which o'er our free heads floats, the same which our fathers bore,
Shall never trail 'neath an enemy's foot though doubly dyed in gore;
But a beacon of Hope it will proudly wave amid their trembling slaves,
For we'll bear it there in triumphant march, or fill unhonored graves.

About the Size of It.

President LINCOLN has been accused of indecision—of saying a thing one day, and withdrawing it the next. We shall see a new and startling proof of this, soon. "Fort Sumter" is his word now, and we have every reason to believe that he will very speedily Take It Back!

The best Oil to allay the Waves of Rebellion.

Fusil Oil.

VÆ VICTIS!

Hurrah for the free North!

For it has risen with a rush and a ring into such a storm of arming and battle-marching as the world never saw before. When was there ever such a hot rage for war shown by so many millions? When did man ever fight for so great a truth? The rocks are rent at last, and the molten lava pours down in one tremendous current. Woe to those who broke the barrier—and *Væ Victis!* Woe to the conquered!

All winter long there came up from the South the clink of arms—STOLEN arms, mind you—making ready to subdue us. With the sound came jeers at Yankee cowardice, Yankee villainy, Yankee fanaticism. And by that same word, they shall find that there is a Northern fanaticism which once aroused fears no death, and crushes all before it! It wakens slowly—it moves little by little, but it DOES move—and when once aroused—*Væ Victis!*

"The Southron's wrath is like straw on fire,
But like red-hot iron is the Northman's ire."

The strife presents the world-old aspect of Northern blood opposed to the fury as the Meridional. It will be with the old result. So long as the Greek preserved the Northern Slavic blood, he conquered the Persian—so long as Roman had not exhausted the old Rhetian fountain drawn from Transalpine sources, he overcame the world. Slow to move, but tremendous when moved—*Væ Victis!*

The Southern man is quick to murder. So is the Italian peasant or the Spaniard. They set but little value on human life. The Englishman values it highly, and winces before daggers. But who conquers in battle? Speak out. Who is the brave man? Who sweeps down Southern bravo, and braggadocio, and knife, and stiletto, and rattlesnake hiss, and reptile wrath, like chaff before him in the broad field of battle? Who but the Northman—hurrah! Now he is on in his wrath—earnest and terrible in his Faith of Free Labor and of Humanity. "He is on, he is on, and with him the Faithful to battle are gone."

Væ victis!

Who dreaded murder, or prized human life more highly than the Puritan sires of the New England regiments now marching South? Who cried out so sorely as Master PRYNNE and many more like him at the "bloudy, murthering, divilish Cavaliers." But *who* when blood *was* up killed every living soul at the siege of Drogheda—*who* smote in the name of the Lord and slew all? Men of Baltimore—if you rise against us and check GOD'S cause of Liberty with your murdering insolence, you shall learn what is to be between the hammer and the anvil.

Væ victis!

Strike *now*. Remember that we are at WAR, not at election fights or in newspaper squabbles. Virginians are grasping, stealing, lynching—doing all they can to spoil us—the Southern Confederacy strikes one bold blow after another, while our leaders, unable to comprehend the fracas, keep bowing and smiling and polite letter-writing and neglecting opportunities—bah! up and at 'em. At the enemy wherever we find him! Pennsylvania—send down your brave boys on gallant raids and take back what is stolen—or its price. Sweep over Maryland like a fire-storm!—there must be no barrier between the North and its Capital—and above all, no elegant etiquette with rebels and murderers. Scout and harry, run and ride—*Væ Victis*.

The treason and treachery of the Secessionists of Maryland and Virginia will for ages be sung in song and told in tale as baser than that of the snake-like sepoy. The Cotton States indeed thieved before they ran away—but the Tobacco neighbors gave us a false show of Union and a lying protestation of friendship—false and fair, they have forfeited the last claim to manhood and honor, they have dropped the last rag of that tattered robe of chivalry which has so long been defiled by assassination, meanness, vanity and decay, and stand before the world disgraced by plain, simple villainy. But the North knows them now—*Væ Victis!*

There are Nineteen Millions of us rapidly becoming as one man in feeling, and that feeling is kindled to fury. We have wealth, we have the Wide West full of food, we have the inexhaustible resources of practised labor and science, and we have the verdict of the whole world that we are Right. Ring the storm-bell, sound the war-notes, up and arm, sweep over land and sea for the greatest—it may be the last and greatest—battle of history is at hand, so cast away your lives as nothing when weighed against holy truth. *Væ Victis!*

WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT.

While JEFF. DAVIS threatens to burn the Capitol, and while the whole South boils and rages with threats of conquering Philadelphia, and laying New-York in ashes, the President assures deputations of the rebels, including the five "pions" young humbugs who had the impudence to represent Plug Ugly-ism and Blood Tub-ism the other day, that he intends nothing but to defend Washington!

ABRAHAM—We Don't Know About That. The millions of the North are aroused, crying Vengeance and War—thinking steel, and dreaming gunpowder. You might as well try to stop the thunderbolt in its career as check them now. The javelin has been cast over the border, and the word is Death! Yet you and Uncle SEWARD continue to talk sweetly, and "arrange," and pacify as though you believed it possible to tie up this shattered Union with Red Tape!

We Don't Know About That—and what's more we don't want to. Hurry up brave ABRAHAM—and either guide the flood or be overwhelmed by it. One or the other.

This is a republic, mind you, which does an immense amount of thinking for itself and shapes its own action, speedily casting aside all incumbrances. In short it has made up its mind to do a great deal besides defend Washington. It is going to make of all Maryland a safe and subdued field of transit—or a desert. It is going to essentially chastise Virginian treachery and snake-like falsehood, and exact from that falsest of foes full value for every penny stolen, for every blow struck. It is going to cripple Confederate State commerce, crush down all Confederate State conspiracy, to injure us, and in short do all that can be done with war and weapon, to re-establish the full territorial power of this Union. It is not to be satisfied with half-measures or a half victory. The cup of its wrath is poured full and brimming over—it has received the last insults and turns like a mad tiger on the hounds. As for holding it in!!

We DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT.

GET OUT.

This thrifty municipality is adorned with a very queer paper called the Daily *News*, so named, we believe, because it never publishes any news, nor anything else but Buncombe and Bosh. It played into the hands of the Seceders as long as it dared to, and now it is amusing itself and disgusting its few dozen readers by crying "peace!" It also says, among other stupid things, that the war is an exclusively "Black Republican" affair, and that Democrats are compelled to go in the ranks while Republicans carry swords and wear epaulets. How about BEN BUTLER, commander-in-chief of the Massachusetts forces? How about the entire democracy of the North? Nobody but a noodle or something much worse talks about political parties now. They are gone up higher than a kite, and that is *one* good thing. There are only two parties now—Union men and Traitors. And a man in a crisis like this who regards a Busted Party of more consequence than his Country would cheerfully appropriate the coin from the eyes of his deceased maternal grandparent or run down little school children and rob them of their dinner pails.

Advice Gratis.

The Rebels, we understand, are taking measures for the capture of Washington. We advise them in such case to Take very close Measures Indeed, for they may depend that the moment they make the attempt in question they will be whipped just Within an Inch of their lives.

THE WHEREABOUTS OF GEN. BEAUREGARD.

By Telegraph to Vanity Fair—After manner of Daily Papers.

Havre de Grace, April 26.

Gen. Beauregard was in Richmond at 23 minutes past 6 o'clock yesterday, and will attack Washington at once.

Philadelphia, April 26.

We learn on undoubted authority that Gen. Beauregard was in Alexandria at 21 past 6 yesterday, reconnoitering

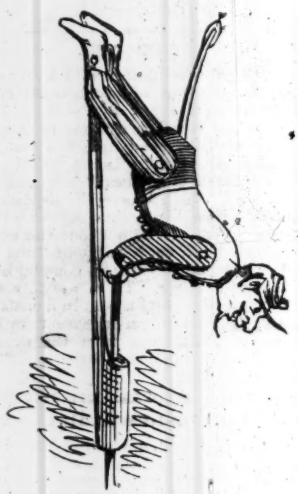
Gen. Beauregard reconnoitres Washington.

Baltimore, April 26.

Gen. Beauregard was in Norfolk at 25 minutes past 6 yesterday, and took a gin cocktail with several of the First Families.

Havre de Grace, April 26.

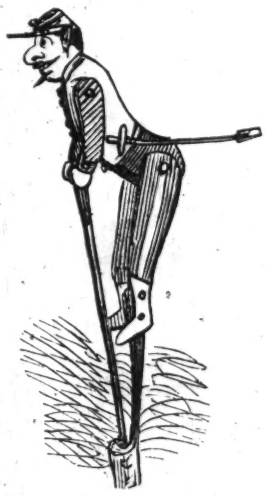
I learn from a gentleman just from Mobile, that Gen. Beauregard is on his way North, with 150,000 troops. Gen. Beauregard is six feet high, but will not join Blower's "Household Guards." Declines advertising the *Household Journal*.



He returns to Charleston.

Annapolis April 26.

Gen. Beauregard was discovered in the White House rear-yard last night at 26 minutes past 6, armed with three large howitzers and a portable sledstake. He went away after reconnoitering pretty numerously.



He turns up in Richmond.

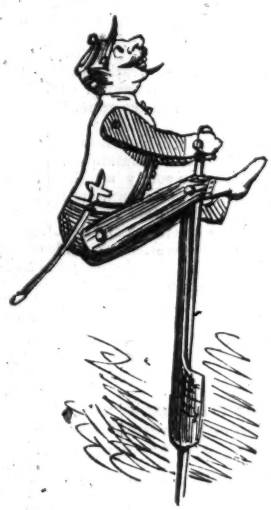
Philadelphia, April 25.

I learn on excellent authority that Gen. Beauregard was in Charleston at 22 minutes past 6 yesterday, and had no intention of leaving. He was repairing Fort Sumter.

The people of Bangor, Maine, and of Cape Cod, Mass., report that Gen Beauregard has lately been seen prowling around those places.

I learn that Gen. Beauregard is within five miles of Washington.

The report in some of your cotemporaries that Gen. Beauregard is within five miles of Washington is utterly wsthout foundation. Sensation dispatches in times like these cannot be too strongly deprecated. The public will invariably find my dispatchess reliable, and can always find out all about Gen. Beauregard by buying Vanity Fair. Price 6 cents.



He sits down before Fort Pickens.

VANITY FAIR.

Old Abe.—"Aint there a nice crop? there's the hardy Bunker Hill flower, the Seventh Regiment Pink, the Fireboy Tulip—That tricolored flower grows near Independence Hall—the Western Blossoms and Prairie Flowers will soon begin to shoot."

Columbia.—"What charming plant is this?"

Old Abe.—"That is rare in this country—it will bloom shortly and bear the Jeffersonia Davisiana."